

A
S A T Y R
AGAINST
HYPOCRITES.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.
Juvenal. Satyr. i.



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1902

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A
S A T Y R
AGAINST
HYPOCRITES.

T Edious have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
 To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
 That *Cissy* durst not Milk the gentle *Mulls*,
 To the great damage of my Lord Mayor's Fools;
 Which made the greazy Catch-poles sweat and curse
 The Holy-day, for want o'th second course;
 And men have lost their body's new adorning
 Because their cloaths could not come home that morning.
 The sins of Parliament have long been bawl'd at,
 The vices of the City have long been yawl'd at,
 Yet no amendment; certainly, thought I,
 This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
 Why if you ask the people, very proudly
 They answer straight, that they are very godly.
 Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
 Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Christ*:
 And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
 That at that time it seem'd a good pretence.
 Then where's the fault? thought I: well, I must know,
 So putting on clean cuffs, to Church I go.
 Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
 And in a row to Church went all the People:
 First came poor Matrons stuck with Lice like Cloves;
 Devoutly come to worship their white loaves;

And may be smelt above a German mile,
 Well, let them go to fume the middle-Isle.
 But here's the sight that doth men good to see't,
 Grave Burgers, and their Wives, with Posies sweet,
 Like walking-Gardens. There's old *Robin* too,
 Who although write or read he neither do,
 Yet hath his Testament chain'd to his waist,
 And his blind zeal feels out the Proofs as fast,
 And makes as greasie dogs-ears as the best.
 A new shav'd Cobler follows him, as it hapr,
 With his young *Cake-bread* in his Cloke close wrapt;
 Then panting comes his Wife from t'other end
 O'th' Town, to hear Our Father, and see a Friend;
 Then came the Shops young Fore-man, 'tis presum'd,
 With hair Rose-water'd, and his Glove's perfum'd,
 With his blew shoo-strings too, and besides that,
 A Riband with a sentence in his Hat.
 The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypsie,
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.
 And now the silken Dames throng in good store,
 And casting up their Noses to th' Pew dore,
 Look with disdain to see the Pew so full,
 Yet must and will have room, I, that they wull:
 Straight that she sits not uppermost distast
 One takes; 'tis fine that I must be displac'd
 By you, she cries then, Good *Mist'ris Gill-flurt*;
Gill-flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ye dirt-
 -tie piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief,
 I scorn your terms, good *Mist'refs* Thimble-man's wife.
 Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
 Surely your Husband's but a Scavenger;
 Cries t'other then, and what are you I pray?
 No Alderman's wife, for all you are so gay.
 Is it not you that to all Christnings frisk it?
 And to save Bread, most shamefully steal the Bisket?
 At which the other mad: beyond all law,
 Unsheaths her Talons, and prepares to claw.
 And sure some Gorgets had been torn that day,

But

But that the Reader's voice did part the fray.

Now what a Wardrobe could I put to view,
The Cloak-bag, breeches, and the Sleek-stone shoe,
Th' *Embroider'd Girdles*, and your *Usurers Cloaks*,
Of far more various forms than there be Oaks
In *Sherwood*, or Religions in this Town:
Strong then of Cypress chest appears the Gown,
The *Grogam gown* of such antiquity,
That *Speed* could never find its pedigree;
Fit to be doted on by *Antiquaries*,
Who hence may descant in their old *Glossaries*,
What kind of Fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
How Wings in fashion came, because wings bore
The Swan transformed *Leda* to *Jove's* lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the same good hap;
The Pent-house Beaver, and Calves-chaudron Ruff,
But of these frantick Fashions now enough,
For now there shall no more of them be said,
Lest this my Ware-house spoil the Feench-mens trade.

And now as if I were that woollen-spinster,
That doth so gravely shew you *Sarum* Minster,
I'll lead you round the Church from Pew to Pew,
And shew you what doth most deserve your view.
There stood the Font in times of Christianity,
But now 'tis taken down, men call it Vanity;
There the Church-wardens sit hard by the door,
But know ye why they sit among the Poor?
Because they love um well for love o'th Box,
Their money buys good Beef, good Wine, good Smocks.
There sits the Clerk, and there the Reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good *Flock-feeder*,
Who in three lamentable doleful ditties
Unto their Marriage-fees sings *Nunc dimittis*.
Here sits a learned Justice, truly so
Some people say, and some again say no,
And yet me thinks in this he seemeth wise
To make *Scypone* yeild him him an excise,

And though on Sundays Ale-houses must down,
 Yet wisely all the Week lets them alone ;
 For well his Worship knows that Ale-house fins
 Maintain himself in Gloves, his Wife in Pins.
 There sits the Mayor as fat as any Bacon
 With eating Custard, Beef, and Rumps of Capon :
 And there his corpulent Brethren sit by
 With faces representing Gravity,
 Who having money, though they have no wit,
 They wear Gold-chains, and here in green Pews sit.
 There sit True-blew the honest Parish-masters,
 With Sattin-Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-casters,
 And faith that's all ; for they have no rich fancies,
 No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
 There sits a Lady, painted fine by Art,
 And there sits curious Mistress Fiddle-come-fart :
 There sits a Chamber-maid upon a Hassock,
 Whom Chaplain oft instructs without his Cassock :
 One more accusom'd unto Curtain-fins,
 Than Woman is to wet her Thumb, that spins.
 O what a Gloss her Forhead smooth adorns !
 Excelling *Phæbe* with her Silver-horns.
 It tempts a man at first, yet strange to utter,
 When once comes near, fogg gudds, it stinks of Butter.
 Another tripping comes to her Mistress's Pew,
 Where being arriv'd, she tries if she can view
 Her young man's face, and straight heaves up her coars,
 That her Sweet-heart may see her true-love knots.
 But having sate up late the night before
 To let the young man in at the back-door ;
 She feeling drowziness upon her creeping,
 Turns down one Proof, and then she falls a sleeping.
 Then falls her head one way, her Book another,
 And she sleeps, and snores, a little t'one wi' t'other.

That's call'd the Gallery ; which (as you may see)
 Was trimm'd and guilt in the year Fifty three.

'Twas

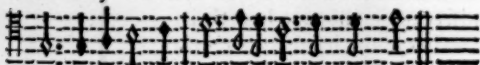
'Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,
 Who for misreckoning hope to have their pardons,
 There *Will* writes Short-hand with a pen of Brass,
 Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an ass,
 That see him shake so fast his warty fist,
 As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Priest
 Has spoke it; Then, O that I could (says one)
 Do as but this man does, I'de give a crown.
 Up goes another hand, up goes his eyes,
 And he, *Gists*, *Industry*, and *Talents* cries.

Hang it.

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work,
 And now a bellowing noise went round the Kirk,
 From the low Font up to the Golden Creed,
 (O happy they who now no Eares do need:)
 While these cough up their morning slegm, and those
 Do rumpet forth the Snivel of the Nose;
 Straight then the Clerk began with potsheard voice
 To grope a Tune, singing with woful noise,
 Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternhold's wretched Prick-song to the people;
 Who soon as he hath plac'd the first line through,
 Up steps *Chuck farthing* then, and he reads too:
 This is the Womans boy that sits ith Porch
 Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her Stool to Church.
 Then out the people yaul an hundred parts,
 Some roar, some whine, some creek like Wheels of Carts,
 Such Notes the *Gamut* never yet did know,
 Nor numerous keys of Harpicals in a row
 Their heights and depths could ever comprehend.
 Now below double *A re* some descend,
 'Bove *E la* squealing now ten Notes some fly:
 Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
 With headlong hast down stairs they again tumble;
 Discords and Concords O how thick they jumble!
 Like untam'd horses tearing with their throats
 One wretched slave into a hundred Notes.

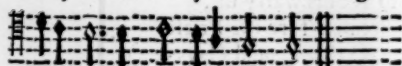
Some

Some lazy throated fellows thus did baule



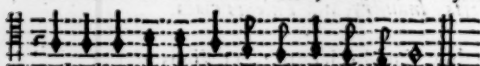
Robert
wisdom's
Delight.

They a i hin a moy a meat uh ga have



a me uh a ha gall a

And some outrun their words, and thus they say,



Too cruel for to think a hum a haw.

Now what a Whetstone was it to devotion,
To see the pace, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday-Levite when up Stairs he marcht.
And first behold his little Band stiff starcht,
Two Caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he wore a black Por tipt with Tin;
His Cuffs aham'd peep't only out at's wrist,
For they saw whiter Gloves upon his Fist;
Out comes his Kerchief then, which he unfolds
As gravely as his Text, and fast he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
How he rear'd his reverend Whites, and softly said
A long *most Murciful*, or *O Almighty*,
Then out he whines the rest like some sad ditty,
In a most doleful *recitative style*,
His Buttocks keeping Crotchet all the while:
And as he stubbers ore his tedious story,
Makes it his chiefeft aim, his chietest glory,
T'excell the City-dames in speaking fine.
O for the dripping of a fat Sir-loyn,
Instead of *Axon's* oyntment for his face,
When he cries out for *greace* in stead of *grace*.
Upstept another then, how sower his face is!
How grim he lookt! for he was one o'th *Classis*,

And

And he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, destroy, O Lord,*
The Covenant-Breaker with a two edg'd Sword.
 Now comes another, of another strain,
 And he of Law and Bondage doth complain :
 Then shewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
 Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace* he cry'd.
 Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
 Devoutly on his Patron's Gallery,
 Who as duty binds him, 'cause he eats their pyes,
God bless my good Lord, and my Lady, cries,
And's hopeful Issue. Then with count'nance sad,
 Up steps a man stark Revelation mad,
 And he, *Cause us thy Saints for thy dear sake,*
That we a bustle in the world may make ;
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
 He tears his throat for the *fift Monarchy.*
 Another mounts his chin East, West, North, South,
 Gaping to catch a blessing in his mouth,
 And saying, *Lord ! we dare not open our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies.

Mean while the vulgar Frie sit still, admiring
 Their pious sentences, as all inspiring ;
 At every period they sigh and grone,
 Though he speak little sense, or sometimes none :
 Their zeal doth never let them mind that matter,
 It is enough to hear the Magpy chatter ;
 They croud, they thrust, are crowded, and are thrust'd,
 Their Pews seem Pasties, wherein they are incrust'd,
 Together bake and fry ; O Patience great !
 Yet they endure, though almost drown'd in sweat.
 It seem'd as if those streaming vapours were
 To stew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
 Their rugged doubts, that might breed some disease
 Being taken raw in queasie consciences.
 But further mark their great humility,
 Their tender love, and mutuall charity,
 The short man's shoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
 Nor he so much as call'd him scurvy fellow,

Practice
 of Piety.

Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
 Although his neighbour trod upon his corn :
 And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
 Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble ;
 He honest man went with his neck a skew,
 Gingling his bunch of Keys from Pew to Pew.
 Good man to's Market-day he bore no spleen,
 But wish'd the seven days had Sabbaths been ;
 How he worships Sattin, with what a Gospel-fear
 He admires the man that doth a Bever wear,
Room, room, bear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
 With a *Pater noster* face receives the shilling.

But what was more religious than to see
 The women in their strains of piety,
 Who like the Seraphins in various hews,
 Adorn'd the Chancel, and the highest Pews.
 Stand up good middle-Isle-folks, and give room,
 See where the Mothers and the Daughters come !
 Hey day ! Behind the Servants, looking all like Martyrs,
 With Bibles in Plush-Jerkins, and blew Garters ;
 The Silver-Inkhorn, and the writing-book,
 In which I wish no friend of mine to look.
 For with far lesser danger you may read
Trithemius Charms, or view the *Gorgan's* head.
 Nor must we now forget the Children too,
 Who with their fore-tops gay stand up i'th Pew.
 Brought there to play at Church, and to be chid,
 And for discourse at Meals what children did.
 Well, be good children, for the time shall come,
 When on the Rulpur-stairs you shall have room,
 There to be asked many a Question deep,
 By th' Parson, with his dinner half asleep.

But now aloft the Preacher 'gan to thunder,
 When the poor Women they sit trembling under ;
 And if he name *Gebenna*, or the Dragon,
 Their faith, alas ! was little then to brag on ;
 Or if he did relate, how little wit
 The foolish Virgins had, then they do sit
 Weeping with watery eyes, and making vows

One

Jack a-
 dandy.

One to have Preachers always in her house,
 To dine them well, and breakfast'um with gellies,
 And caudles hot to warm their wambling bellies;
 And if the Cath, where she could not unlock it,
 Were close secur'd, to pick her Husbands Pocket.
 Another, something a more thrifty sinner,
 To invite the Parson twice a week to dinner:
 The other vows a Purple Pulpit-cloath
 With an embroider'd Cushion, being loth
 When the fierce Priest his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
 That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles.

Nay, in the Church-yard too was no small throng,
 And on the Window-bars in swarms they hung:
 And I could see that many Short-hand wrote,
 Where listning well I could not hear a jote;
 Friend, this is strange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! your Ears are yet unfamiliar'd.

Cuds so, I had even almost now forgot
 To tell you th' chiefest thing of all, what's that?
 How the good Women in a row do come.
 To bring the *New-borne Babe* to *Christendom*.

The Midwife, Captain of the Gang, walks first,
 Laden with *Child*, and *Naples basket Crust*;
 Most reverently she steps, dress'd all in print,
 If she be not a Saint the Devil's in't:
 For so demure she looks, that you would guess
 She were some holy penitent Votarefs,
 With eyes and mouth set in her Looking-glass,
 On purpose for to carry *Babe of Grace*.
 Nor is't a thing inspir'd, but got by Art,
 And Practice, as the *Begger* learn to *start*.
 Then follow th' Guests, each one in her degree,
 Most punctual in their *Parish Heraldry*.
 Being come to Church, they keep their close order,
 And go on, and go on, and go farther and farther,
 'Till they arrive where, for the Priest's ease God wot,
 Stands a pretty little, stone-Syllabub-pot?
 Water 't had in't, though but a little, God knows,

Scarcely to wet the tip of the Child's nose :
 Men say there was a secret wisdom then,
 That rul'd the strange opinion of these men ;
 For by much washing Child got cold in head,
 Which was the cause so many Saints snuf-fled.
 Oh cry'd another Sect, let's wash all o're,
 The parts behind, and eke the parts before ;
 So shall we those vile members purifie,
 Whence sprang the cause of all our misery.
 But their wise wives reply'd, fuming and fretting,
 'Twas dangerous, lest the parts should shrink it'h' wetting,
 And for that cause they only did besprinkle
 The pretty Birdsnay-Pigsney-Periwinkle.
 Now when the Priest had spoke, and made an end,
 And that the Child was made the Churches friend,
 The Women straightway they went home agen,
 To talk of things which they conceal of men.
 Then Midwife carries Child t'ask Mothers blessing,
 Wo gives it a kifs in her Flanders-lace dressing ;
 She fate with Curtains drawn, most *princums prancum*,
 And call'd the women every one to thank 'um :
 Full threescore pound it cost in Plumbs and Dishes,
 Which women eat as Pikes eat little Fishes ;
 But when the Claret and Hypocrisis came in,
 Then the tittle tattle began to begin.
 The Midwife takes a Tankard, and drinks up all,
 Of all the Saints quoth she, God blefs St. *Paul*,
 He bid the men give the women their due ;
 If they don't, may the Women n'ere prove true :
 Well fare my Son here, he is a young man,
 But let any other do better if he can ;
 Five in lix years ! — hey ho, — here daughter,
 Here's to the next — and what shall come after.
 But what ailes my Neighbour here to look so grum ?
 A year and a half, and nothing yet come ! —
 Alas, I lost time, quoth she with a Logger-head,
 That was six months learning what to do a bed,
 But I ha' taught him a new lesson I faith, quo I, fye upon't,
 Such

Such a fool at these years, —but learn more wit, —if ye
 Alas, cries one, you are happy to me, (dout—
 Weeping and drinking most heartily,
 My Husband whores, and drinks all the week,
 Judg you then Neighbours how I am to seek :
 (Then they all shook their heads, and look'd most sad,)
 These are they, quoth the Midwife, spoyl our Trade :
 But be of good cheer, Daughter, come, come,
 If he wont, another must in his room.
 Alas, quoth she, with a jolly red Nose,
 There's many an able Christian, God knows,
 Would leap at that which thy Husband despises.
 Then 'gin they to talk of the several sizes,
I thank my God, quoth the Midwife then,
 I have buried three Husbands, all proper men ;
I thank my God for't, though I say't that should not,
 And should a forth come, I'll promise yee I would not
 Refuse him with a lawful Wedding-ring,
 Marriage is an honourable thing,
 Wed then, and bed then, and make work for me,
 And God will bless you the better, you shall see.
 I speak merrily, Neighbours, —ha—ha—here's t'ye all,
 'Tis common you know when such good jobs do fall.
 By and by they single out a poor Woman,
 That has the luck to have as good as no man ;
 But her they use most unmercifully,
 Calling her Husband *Do little*, and *Cully*,
Fumbler, and *Gelding*, why Neighbour, quo they,
 You need not be at this pass, there's another way ;
 Troth, quo she, and I'll en take your good advice,
 And then it will appear where the fault lies.
 Now after this discourse, and th' Wines drank up,
 They all depart to their homes to sup ;
 After that to bed, and 'tis a pound to a doight,
 If their Husbands sleep for their Quail-pipes that night.

Others not so concern'd, walk in the fields,
 To give their longing Wives what Cake-house yeilds ;
 And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances,

To be
 heard of
 men.

Is all their char, they seem in heavenly trances ;
 Thus they trim up their Souls with holy words,
 Shaving off sin as men shave off their Beards,
 To grow the faster ; sins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.

Now they'r at home, and have their Suppers eat,
 When, *Thomas*, cries the Master, *come, repeat ;*
 And if the Windows gaze upon the street,
 To sing a Psalm they hold it very meet.
 But would you know what a preposterous zeal
 They sing their Hymns withall ? then listen well ;
 The Boy begins,

To the
 tune of S.
Margaret's
 Chimes.

*Go too therefore ye wicked men,
 Depart from me [Thomas] anon,
 For the [Yes Sir] commandments will I keep
 Of God [pray remember to receive the rock in Graci-
 ous street to-morrow] my Lord alone.*

*As thou hast promis'd to perform, [Mary, anon forsooth]
 That death me not assail, [Pray remember to rise be-
 times to-morrow morning, you know you have a
 great many cloaths to soap]*

*Nor let my hope abuse me so,
 That through distrust I quail.*

Behold the
 zeal of the
 People.

But Sunday, now good night, and now good Mortow
 To thee O *Covenant Wednesday*, full of sorrow :
 Alas ! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
 She's up betimes, and gone to *Aldermanbury* ;
 Truly, 'twas a sad day, for every sinner
 Did feast at Supper then, and not at dinner ;
 Nor men nor women wash their face to day,
 Put on their cloaths, and piss, and so away ;
 They throng to Church just as they sell their ware,
 In greasie hats, and old gowns worn thread bare,
 Where though the whole body suffer'd tedious pain,
 No nighber yet had more cause to complain
 Than the poor Nose, when little to its ease,
 A Chandler's Cloak perfum'd with Candle-grease,
 Commixing sens with a Sope-boylers breeches,

Did raise a stink beyond the skill of Witches.
 Now steams of Garlick whifling through the nose,
 Stank worse than *Luther's Socks*, or Foot-boys toes.
 With these *Mundungos*, and a breath that smells
 Like standing pools in subterranean Cells,
 With steams of many a private fizzle,
 Compos'd Pomanders to out-stink the Devill,
 Yet strange to tell, they suffer'd all this evill,
 Nor to make water all the while would rise,
 Sitting with mystical pots betwixt their thighs :
 To stir at this good time they thought was sin,
 So strictly their devotion kept them in.

Now the Priest's elbows do the Cushion knead,
 While to the people he his Text doth read ;
 Beloved, I shall here crave leave to speak
 A word, he cries, and winks, unto the weak,
 The words are these, *Make hast, and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon thy dinner carry ;
There doth young Daniel want in the Den,
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.
 Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
 His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by the crown,
 Not to explain this precious Text amiss,
Daniel's the subject, Hunger th' object is,
 Which proves that *Daniel* was subject to hunger.

Celestial
Logick.

But that I may n't detain you any longer,
 My Brethren dear prick up your ears, and put on
 Your senses all while I the words unbutton.
Make hast, I say, make hast and do not tarry,
 Why? my Beloved, these words great force do carry,
 And 'tis a wondrous Emphatical speech,
 Some men, Beloved, as if they had Lead i'th their breech,
 Do walk, some creep like Snails, they're so slow pac's,
 Truly, my Brethren, these men do not make hast.

The Ex-
position.

But be ye quick, dear Sisters, be ye quick,
 And least ye fall, take hope, hope's like a stick
 To *Babylon*]. ah *Babylon*! that word's a weighy one,
 Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one,
 Which as the learned *Rider* well records,

1 Use.
Not like
an anchor,
Babel bat-
tered,
Se-

Semiramis did build with Brick and Bords :
 Wicked *Semiramis*, accursed Bitch !
 My spirit is mightily provok'd against that Wretch.
 Lustful *Semiramis*, for well I wist
 Thou wert the Mother of proud Antichrist.
 Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,
 The Pope and thee were Brothers in iniquity.
 Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her was *non*,
 For she built *Babylon*, Ah ! she built *Babylon*.

2 Use. But, Brethren, be ye good as she was evil,
 Must ye needs go, because she's gone to the Devil ?
Thy Dinner carry.] Here may we look upon

Brotherly compassion. A child of God in great affliction.
 Why what does he aile ? alas ! he wanteth meat :
 Now what (Beloved) was sent him for to eat ?
 Truly a small matter ; only a dish of pottage.
 For it came by inspiration. But pray what pottage ? such as a small Cottage
 Afforded only to the Country swains,
 From whence I'm sure, though none the place explains,
 It was no Christmas-dish with Pruens made,
 Nor White-broath, nor Capon-broth, nor sweet Ponade,
 Or Milk-pottage, or thick Pease-pottage either,
 Nor was it Mutton-broth, nor Veal-broth neither,
 Nor any Broth of noble tast or sent,
 Made by receipt of the Countess of *Kent* ;
 But sure some homely stuff crumm'd with brown bread,
 And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.

Would he have been so content ? Truly this was but homely fare you'l say,
 Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day.
 And though there could be thought on nothing cheaper,
 Yet fed as well on't as he had been a Reaper.

3 Use. Better eat any thing than not at all.
 Fasting, Beloved, why ? 'tis prejudicial
 To the weak Saints ; Beloved, 'tis a sin,
 And thus to prove the same I here begin.
 Hunger, Beloved, why ? this hunger *mauler*,
 Au ! 'tis a great *Mauler*, it breaks Stone-walls :
 Reasons. Now my Beloved, to break stone-walls you know,

Why

Why 'tis flat Felony, and there's great woe
Follows that sin, besides 'tis a great schism,
'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judism.

Judism? why Beloved, have you e're been
Where the black Dog of *Newgate* you have seen?
Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichrist,
He doth and hath the Brethren long entic't.
Claws like a Star-chamber Bishop, black as hell,
And doubtless he was one of those that fell.

Judism I say is uglier than this *curr*,
Though there were nothing could be uglier.

Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men,]
Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *World's* the Den.
By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
Those worse then Heathenish abominations.
Truly dear friends, these Kings and Governours,
These Bishops too, nay all superiour powers,
Why they are Lyons, Locusts, Whales, I Whales, beloved,
Off go our Ears if once their wrath be moved.
But woe unto you Kings! woe to you Princes!
'Tis fifty and four, now Antichrist, so says
My Book, must reign three days, and three half days;
Why that is three years and a half, Beloved:

Or else, as many precious men have proved,
One thousand two hundred, and threescore days.
Why now the time's almost expir'd, time stays
For no man; Friends, then Antichrist shall fall,
Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
With Cardinals, and the King of *Spain's* great power;
They'l muster up, but I can tell yon where,
At *Armageddon*, there. Beloved, there,
Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, *haloo, haloo*,
Kill *Amalek*, and *Turk*, kill *Gog*, and *Magog* too.
But who, dear friends, sed *Daniel* thus forsaken,
Truly (but there's one sleeps, a would do well to waken)
As 'tis in th' English, his name ends in *uck*,
And so his name is called *Habacuck*.

Descripti-
on of Anti-
Christ.

A St. may
speak Bulls
without
contradiction.

His zeal
made him
forget his
Rime.

And hey
then up go
we.

Well re-
membred.

The Do-
ctrine of
Generati-
on,

For Mini-
sters may
be Cuck-
olds.
Use of
Exhorta-
tion.
Motives.

1.

4.

3.

6.

12.

Hunger a
great ene-
my to Gos-
pel duty.

A Crop-
sick sifter.

But in th' original it ends in *ock*,
For that dear Sisters call him Have-a-Cock.
And truly I suppose I need not fear
But that there are many Have-a-Cocks here :
The Laud increafe the number of Have-a-Cocks;
Truly false Prophets will arise in Flocks ;
But as a Farding-Candle shut up quite
In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light ;
Even such are they. Ay but my Brethren dear,
I'me no such Lanthorn, for my Horns are clear.
But I shall now conclude this glaurious truth
With an Exhortation to old men and youth.
Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say,
Feed all your Ministers that preach and pray.
First of all, 'cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
And by experience find 'tis good to do so :
Fourthly, cause 'tis not evil ; Thirdly and nextly,
As 'tis a duty impos'd, unless my Text lye.
Sixthly, for that y' are mov'd thereto ; and Twelfthly,
'Cause there's nought better, unless I my self lie.
But now he smells the Pies begin to reak,
His teeth water, and he can no longer speak :
Only it will not be amiss to tell ye
Of a sad hubbub made by Womans belly ;
Belly was full of Caudle and Devotion,
Which in her stomach rais'd a strong commotion :
For the hot vapours much did damnifie
Her that was wont to walk in *Finsbury*.
So though a while she was sustain'd with Ginger,
Yet at the length a cruel pain did twinge her ;
And like as Marble sweats before a shower,
So did she sweat, and sweating forth did pour.
Her mornings draught of Sugar-sops and Saffron,
Into her sighing neighbours Cambrick-apron.
At which, a *Lard*, she cry'd, full sad to see
The foul mishap, yet suffer'd patiently.
How do you, then she cry'd ? I'me glad 'tis up :
Ah sick, sick, sick, cries one, *Oh for a cup*

Of my Mint-water that's at home.

One

One holds the head, quo she, *let's come, let's come,*
What man alas can stop the flowing Tide?

As pat as might be then the Parson cry'd,

Tea like a stream ye ought to let it flow,

And then she reach'd, and once more let it go.

Straight an old *Fustilugs* with a brace of chins,

A bunch of Keys, and cushion for her pins,

Seeing in earnest the good woman lack it,

Draws a Strong-water bottle from her Placket,

Well heated with her flesh; she takes a sup,

Then gives the sick, and bids her drink it up.

But all in vain, her eyes began to roul,

She sighs, and all cry out, *alas poor soul!*

One pinches then her cheek, one pulls her nose,

Some blest the opportunity that were her foes,

And they reveng'd themselves upon her face,

S. Dunstan's Devil was ne're in such a case.

Now Priest say what thou wilt, for here's a chat

Begun of this great Emperick, and that

Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done.

I like not *Mayern*, he speaks French says one;

Oh says another, though the man be big,

For my part I know none like Dr. *Trig.*

Na, hold you there, says r'other, on my life

There's none like *Chamberlain* the Man-midwife.

Then in a heap their own receipts they muster,

To make this Gelly, how to make that Plaster;

Which when she hears that now but fainting lay,

Up starteth she, and talks as fast as they.

But they that did not mind this doleful passion,

Followed their business on another fashion;

For all did write, the Elders and the Novice,

Me thought the Church lookt like the *Six-Clerks-Office.*

But *Sermon's* done, and all the folk as fast

As they can trudge, to Supper now make hast:

Down comes the Priest, when a grave Brother meets him,

And putting off his broad-brimm'd hat, thus greets him:

A very
great crea-
ture-com-
fort.

A great
cry, and a
little wool.

A great
sign of
Grace.

Dear Sir, my Wife and I do you invite
O'th' Creature with us to partake this night;
And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
The City-dame, whose faith is in the belly
Of her cram'd Priest, had all her Cates in order,
That *Gracious street*, or *Cheapside* can afford her.

Bill of
fare.

Lo first a Pudding! truly 't had more Reasons
Than forty Sermons shew at forty seasons.

For a city
Supper.

Then a Sur-loyn came in, as hot as fire,

Yet not so hot as was the Priest's desire.

Next came a Shoulder of Mutton roasted raw,
To be as utterly abolish'd as the Law.

The next in order was a Capon plump,

With an Use of Consolation in his Rump.

Then came a Turkey cold, which in its life,

Had a fine Tail just like the Citizen's Wife.

But now by'r leave and worship too, for hark ye,

Here comes the Venson put in past by *Starkey*;

Which once set down there, at the little hole

Immediately in whips the Parson's soul.

He saw his Stomachs anchor, and believ'd

That now his belly should not be deceiv'd:

How he leans o're the Cheer toward his first Mover!

While his hot zeal doth make his mouth run over.

This Pastie had Brethren two, like to the Mayor,

Three Christmas or Minc'd Pyes, all very fair;

Me thought they had this Motto, *though they first us,*

And preach us down, Sub pondere crescit virtus.

Apple-tarts, Fools, and strong Cheese to keep down

The steaming vapours from the Parson's crown.

Canary too, and Claret eke also,

Which made the tips of their Ears and Noses glow.

Up now they rise, and walk to their several Chairs,

When lo, the Priest uncovers both his Ears.

Grace be-
fore meat.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,

Thou said'st that we should eat before the Fall;

Then was the world but simple, for they knew

Not either how to bake, or how to brew.

But

But happily we fell, and then the Vine
 Did *Noah* plant, and all the Priests drank Wine.
 Truly we cannot but rejoyce to see
 Thy Gifts dispenc'd with such equality.
 To us th' hast given wide throats, and teeth to eat ;
 To the women knowledg how to dress our meat.
 We are thy sheep, O let us feed, feed on,
 'Till we become as fat as any Brawn.
 Then let's fall to, and eat up all the cheer ;
 Straight *Sobe it* he cries, and calls for Beer.

Now then, like *Scanderbeg*, he falls to work,
 And hews the Pudding, as he hew'd the Turk :
 How he plough'd up the Beef like Forrest-land,
 And sum'd because the bones his wrath withstand.
 Upon the Mutton he fell like Wolf or Mastie,
 Still hewing out his way unto the Pastie.
 At first a Sister helpt him, but this Elf Sir,
 Wearying her out, she cries, *Pray help your self Sir*.
 Upon the Pastie though he fell anon,
 As if't had been the walls of *Babylon*
 Like a Cathedral, down he throws that Stuff,
Why, Sisters, said he, *I am Pepper proof*.
 Then down he pours the Claret, and down again,
 And *would the French King were a Puritan*,
 He cries : swills up the Sack, and l'le be sworn,
 Quoth he, *Spains King is not the Pope's tenth born*.
 By this his tearing hunger doth abate,
 And on the second course they 'gan to prate.
 Then quoth *Priscilla*, O my brother dear,
 Truly y'are welcome to this homely chear,
 And therefore eat, good brother eat your fill,
 Alas for *Daniel* my heart aketh still.
 Then quoth the Priest, *Sister be of good heart ;*
 But she reply'd, *good Brother eat some Tart*.

Much
 good may
 do you
 Sir,

Christian
 Forgive-
 nels.

No Grace
 after meat.

Rebecca

Rebecca then, a member of the 'lection,
 Began to talk of Brotherly affection ;
 For this, said she, as I have heard the wise
 Discourse, consisteth much in exercise ;
 Yet I was foolish once, and did resist,
 And but that a Brother dear would not desist,
Carried forth by a strong believing power
 That I would yeild at length, even to this hour
 I had in darkness liv'd, and had not known
 What joys the Lord revealeth to his own.
 Then said the Priest, there is a time for all things,
 There is a time for great things, and for small things :
 There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
 A time to empty, and for procreation ;
 Therefore, dear Sister, we may take our time,
 There's Reason for't, I never car'd for Rhyme.
 Do not the wicked Heathen speak and say,
 Gather your Flowers and Rosebuds while you may ?
 Ah dearest Brother now with heavy smart,
 Answer'd another, ye have broke my heart,
 What shall the wicked Heathen be so quick,
 In heavenly matters, and we thus to seek ?
 Oh no, and therefore *Laud*, voutsafe in mercy
 To shew me things by practice, not by hear-say.
 And truly, Brother, there's no man can prove
 That I was e're ingrateful for his love ;
 But sometimes Angels did attend his Purse,
 At other times I did him duly nurse
 With many a secret dish of lusty meat,
 Which did provoke to act as well as eat.
 Truly, quoth *Dorcas* then, I saw a Vision,
 That we should have our foes in great derision.
 Quoth *Martha* straight, me thought I went a Maying,
 And the Word of the *Laud* came to me saying ;
Martha put off thy cloaths, for time is come,
 That men may *Trap-stick* shew, and women *Bum*,
 And that the race of them that do *profess*,
 Shall only need be cloath'd with Righteousness.

Nothing
 beyond in-
 gratitude.

'Tis true, dear Sister, there are some that now
 Are come to this perfection, and I trow
 We may in time grow up to be as they,
 Grant us, *ah Land*, that we may see that day ;
 Let's i'th mean time at home and eke abroad,
 Uncloath and unbrace our selves before the *Land*,
 On all occasions that time shall yeild,
 That our dear Sisters dream may be fulfill'd.
 Why did not *Jacob* dream, and so it was ;
 And *Pharaoh* dreamt, and so it came to pass ?
 Then *Dorcas* cry'd, reach me the Cheefe up higher ;
 Sister, quoth she, give this unto our Brother,
 'Tis very good, if well wash'd down with Sack,
 His wasted spirits much refreshing lack.
 Recruited thus, all this good chear, quoth he,
 Is but an Emblem of Mortality.
 The Oxe is strong, and glories in his strength,
 Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
 We eat him up. A Turkey's very gay,
 Like worldly people clad in fine array,
 Yet on the Spit it looks most piteous,
 And we devour it, as the Worms eat us.

Then full of sawce and zeal up steps *Elnathan*,
 [This was his name now, once he had another,
 Untill the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
 A Deacon, and a Buffeter of Sathan :
 Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother dear,
 Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here ;
 Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
 Of a small Twopence, or a Groat, or so,
 The sorry remnants of a broken Shilling.
 Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling ;
 As for my self, 'tis more than I do need,
 To be charitable both in word and deed,
 For as to us the holy Scriptures say,
The Deacons must receive, the Lay-men pay.
 Why Heathen folks that do in Taverns stray,
 Will never let their friends the reckning pay ;

Deep Di-
 vinity.

A man
 may love
 his bro-
 ther.

but

And

And therefore pour your charity into the Bason,
Brethren and Sisters eke, your Coats have lace on.
Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
For sixpence? we'll next morn enhance our Ware;
Your Sixpence comes again, nay there comes more;
Thus Charity's the increaser of your store.
Truly well spoke, then cry'd the Master-feaster,
Since you say so, I freely give my Tester.
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were sure to whom they gave, and why.

Where
note, that
spiritual
joy makes
a Saint
blink.

Then did *Elnathan* blink, for he knew well
What he might give, and what he might conceal.
But now the Parson could no longer stay,
'Tis time to kifs, he cries, and so away.
At which the Sisters, once th' alarm taken,
Made such a din, as would have serv'd to waken
A snoring Brother, when he sleeps at Church.
With bag and baggage then they 'gan to march;
And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,
One Sister to the other bids good night.
Good night, quoth *Dorcas* to *Priscilla*; she,
Good night, dear Sister *Dorcas* unto thee.
In these goodly *good night*, much time was spent,
And was it not a holy complement?

Christian
Liberty.

At length in steps the Parson, on his breast
Laying his hand, A happy night of rest
Refresh thy labours, Sister; yet e're we part,
Feel in my lips the passion of my heart.
To another straight he turn'd his face, and kist her,
And then he cries, *All peace be with thee, Sister*.
Next her that made the Feast he kisses harder,
And in a Godly tone, cries, *God reward her*:
And having done he whispers in her ear,
The time when it should be, and place where.
Thus they all part, and for that night the Priest
Huggs his own Wife, as good as ever kist.

Ne're a
prophane
kiss among
all these.

This seem'd a Golden time, the full of sin,
You'd think the thousand years did now begin,

When

When Satan chain'd below should cease to roar,
 Nor durst the wicked as they wont before
 Come to the Church for pastime, nor durst laugh
 To hear the non-plust Doctor fain a cough.
 The Devil himself, alas ! now durst not stand
 Within the switching of the Sexton's wand ;
 For so a while the Priests did him pursue,
 That he was fain to keep the Sabbath too,
 Lest being taken in the Elders Trap,
 He should have paid his Crown, or lost his Cap ;
 Then lest he should like a deceiver come
 'Twixt the two Sundays *interstitium*,
 They stust up Lecturers with texts and straw,
 On working-days to keep the Devil in awe :
 But strange to think, for all this solemn meekness,
 At length the Devil appeared in his likeness,
 While these deceits did but supply the wants
 Of broken unthrifs, and of thread-bare Saints.

*Oh what wilt men not dare, if thus they dare
 Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer !*
 Play with that fear, with that religious awe
 Which keeps men free, and yet is man's great Law.
 What can they but the worst of Atheists be,
 Who while they word it 'gainst impiety,
 Affront the Throne of God with impious deeds.
 'Tis this that wonder in the Atheist breeds.
 Are these the men that would the Age reform,
 That Down with Superstition cry, and swarm
 This painted Glass, that Sculpture to deface,
 Yet worship Pride and Avarice in their place ?
 Religion they bawl out, yet know not what
 Religion is, unless it be to *prate*.
 Meekness they preach, but study to controule ;
 Money they'd have, when they cry out, *your soul*.
 And angry, will not have *Our Father* said,
 'Cause it prays not enough for *daily bread*.
 They meet in private, and cry *Persecution*,
 When Faction is their end, and State-confusion.

These are the men that plague and over-run
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* all Religion ;
 Every *Mechanick* either wanting Stock,
 Or wit to keep his Trade, must have a Flock.
The Spirit, cries he, *moveth me unto it,*
And what the Spirit bids, must I not do it ?
 But having profited more than his Flock by teaching,
 And stept into Authority by Preaching,
 For a Lay-office, leaves the Spirits motion,
 And straight retreateth from his first Devotion.
 But this he does in want, give him Preferment,
 Off goes his Gown, God's cause is no determent.
 Vain foolish people, how are you deceiv'd ?
 How many several sorts have ye receiv'd
 Of things call'd Truths, upon your backs laid on
 Like Saddles for themselves to ride upon ?
 They ride amain, and Hell and *Satan* drove,
 While every Priest for his own profit strove.
 Can they the Age thus torture with their lyes,
 Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties
 Black as their Coats, and such a silent fear
 Lock up the lips of men, and charm the ear ?
 Had that same Holy Israelite been dumb,
 That fatal day of old had never come
 To *Baal's* Tribe ! Oh thrice unhappy Age !
 While zeal and piety lye mask'd in rage,
 And vulgar ignorance ! How we do wonder,
 Once hearing that the Heavens were forc'd to thunder
 Against assailing Gyants ! surely men,
 Men thought could not presume such violence then :
 But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
 Behold a bolder sort of mortals here !
 Those undermining shifts of knavish folly,
 Using alike to God and men ; most holy
 Infidels, who now seem to have found out
 A subtler way to bring their ends about
 Against the Deity, than openly to fight,
 By smooth insinuation and by slight :

They

They close with God, seem to obey his Laws,
 They cry aloud for him, and for his cause ;
 But while they do their strict injunctions preach,
 Deny in actions what their words do teach.

O what will men not dare, if thus they dare

Be impudent with Heaven, and play with Prayer !

Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
 Would they would only teach themselves, not us :
 So while they still on empty outsides dwell,
 They may perhaps be choakt with Husk and Shell ;
 While those who can their follies well refute,
 By a true knowledge do obtain the Fruit.

F I N I S.